THE TORY-POETS: A SATYR.

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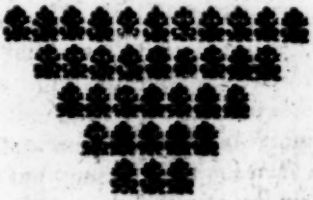
Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri. Juven. Sat. 1.



LONDON,
Printed by R. *Johnson.* MDCLXXXII.

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THE EPISTLE TO THE TORIES.

I Could find no fitter Persons to Dedicate this Poem to then your selves, and that for several reasons; First because you account your selves men of Parts, and Fudges of Wit; and indeed (to keep the World in its usual Course) we will yeild you to be so; for in all ages some Fools have had preferment, mad Men have been Fudges, and Knaves have been Honourable. To talk Bawdy, whore, Lye, &c. are your natural accomplishments, but those more solid endowments that beautifie a rational Creature, viz. *Learning, and Exercise of right Reason, are of little value to you, who can speak Nonsence by Patent, Slander by Prerogative, and Lye by Commission: Fudg of Wit then as much as you please, since none but Fools and Knaves will be guided by your judgment: For it is well*

enough known, that your Wit is as thin as your Skulls, and your Skulls as thin as your Estates; and that thin enough all know. Take a Tory from a Pot of Ale, and he's out of his Element; and when his Catalogue of Oaths in his common place-Book are ended, he is as indispos'd and unfit for any kind of Company, as the Asses Mouth was for Food when it had been eating of Thistles. Another reason may be, because it treats chiefly of your Champions, the Pillars of your faction, the supporters of that great Mass of Knavish Politicks that keeps alive the Good Old Tory Cause; *but I think (if you are no better Poets then you are* Politicians, *and no better Statesmen then Divines) the late joynt endeavours of the Stage and Pulpit, will prove very ineffectual to the accomplishment of your designs! a lack a day! what pitty 'tis so much Labour and Divine sweat should be spent for just nothing! that ever the zealous Preacher should screw up his jaws, thump his Pulpit, and Divinely rail at* Forty one, *and it have no other effect, then to serve instead of a pleasing murmur to loll the drowsie females asleep, whilst all his Congregation of half-drunk Bullies are devoutly snoaring in their* Pews. *But what damned incorrigible wretches are these Whiggs, they are not moved at the least with the numberless Satyrical Epilogues and Prologues, that are roared out on the Stage: Notwithstanding we have Plays stuft as full of Burlesques upon the* Ignoramus Juries, *the* Salamanca Doctor, *&c. as a Courtier is of Nonsense and Knavery; these head-strong wretches keep on their way, though the Whelps bark their guts out, if they call them Rogues, Rebels, and Traytors, they turn a deaf ear to all their clamours, and answer them (as wise men do fools) with silence. But the final Catastrophe of our divisions will prove who were the Rebells; when Plots shall be unravell'd, and Court intrigues expos'd to the view of the*

world

world, when the private Machinations of indigent Cockscombs shall be made manifest, and truth shall once more appear on the Stage; then I doubt those persons, who now go under the Name of Loyalists, will be as obscure as their Knavery is now publick. But all are Traytors now that speak against Arbitrary Government; if they see their priviledges, their rights, their liberties going to be taken from them, they must hold their peace and sit down like contented asses, and bear what burthens the Courtiers and a few small Statesmen will lay on their Shoulders; and this must be born with Patience, and let the burthen gall our Shoulders never so much, we are Rebells if we but so much as winch under it; if a man hear bad Counsel given (which is the poison of Government) he must hold his peace, and see those liberties left him free by his Ancestors taken from him and his Posterity; he must contemedly see the Throne enslaved, the Nobility Vassals, and the Commonalty lackey after a company of Arbitrary Debauches, and if he show his dislike of it, he is a Rebell. But when the fatal Dagger is about to pierce my Soveraigns Breast, am I Rebel if I stop the blow? Am I a Traytor if I discover the Designs and Plots of our Enemies against the Government and my Prince? But you shall hear what even Mr. Bays *himself speaks of Arbitrary Government and those that are the Supporters of it in his* Spanish Fryar. *pag.* 61.

Should not a lingring Fevour be remov'd,
Because it long hath rag'd within my Blood?
Do I Rebel when I would thrust it out?
What, shall I think the World was made for one,
And men are born for Kings as Beasts for Men;
Not for Protection but to be devour'd?
Mark those who dote on Arbitrary Power,

And

And you shall find'm either hot brain'd Youth
Or needy Bankrupts, servile in their greatness,
And Slaves to some, to Lord it o're the rest.
O Baseness! to support a Tyrant Throne,
And crush your free-born Brethren of the World:
Nay, to become a part of Usurpation;
To Espouse the Tyrants person and his crimes,
And, on a Tyrant, get a race of Tyrants
To be your Countries curse in after Ages.

Now if Mr. Bays *dares go so far, I hope I (who have always an aversion to wooden-Shoos, and to be reckoned in the number of French Camels) may call them Traytors, Rebels, Betrayers of their Country, egregious Knaves, and infamous Scoundrels: But suppose (which Heaven grant may never come to pass) there should be such a thing as Rebellion in* England, *we should then see how those Gouty-Leg'd Divels, called Courtiers, would tilt at the Rebels; Then the awful presence of Majesty must find its self, while those Ingrates, that have been nourished by its favour do leave it succourless; for who are cherishers of such a Faction but a spicable pusillanimous wretches, Natural Cowards, that cannot endure the Fatigues of a long and tedious Campaign, whether Honour calls forth the Heroe? But (as Mr.* Bays *says) they are needy Bankrupts, and tempted by preferment; what wont such Whores-Birds do? How powerful are the Charms of enticing Gold? Ah, what a Heavenly refreshment are a few Guinies to a decay'd Gentleman! even as delicious as the reverend* Doctors Comfortable Importance *is to a languishing Divine. 'Tis only* want, *that makes a Loyal* Tory, *and so many Mercinary Scriblers; and pray how long doth their Loyalty last? e'en just as long as their Coat and their Money; when*

when the one is thred bare and the other ſpent, and by their Loyalty they are in no hopes of procuring another, then for a little caſh they will cut the Throat of the beſt Lord in the Land, Whigg or Tory, *'tis all one; men that are like to be Shipwrackt upon the Rock of Hunger are deſperate, but now none are His Majeſties Loyal Subjects, but ſuch who are daily drunk with drinking his Health, (though they cheat the Vintner for it) and that never ſo well don, as when it is ſet of with the beſt flowriſh in their* Rhetorick, *a faſhionable* Dam me. *But now I could heartily wiſh I had ſome of Mr.* Bays *his confidence, that I might ſpeak in the praiſe of my own Poem, as he doth of his, indeed a rotten Poſt covered with Braſs goes through all weathers, but I am no fond fool of my own Iſſue; I ſhall e'en ſpeak not one word in its commendation, but let it ſhift for praiſe in the World as it's Brethren have done before it. I cannot expect any Tory ſhould ſpeak in its praiſe, ſince it treats moſt of Fools and Knaves and then it is impoſſible they ſhould read it, but they muſt read their own Characters. Or how can I expect any favour in the world, when the incomparable* Abſalom Senior *was ſo ſpoken againſt? but by whom was he ſpoken againſt, by whom, why by the nonſenſical* Obſervator, *and the thrice ſtupid* Heraclitus; *but I write not to pleaſe theſe Ideots, if I pleaſe the beſt I have my end, and one ſmile of theirs is able to weigh down all the others frowns.*

THE

THE TORY-POETS: A SATYR.

HAppy are they in Amorous Fields, that Rove
And Sing no other Songs then those of love;
Whose Verses treat of nought but careless ease,
And in their Sonnets only strive to please:
Nature at first to men ne're arts did give,
But all untaught knew only how to live;
That word call'd *Faction* in a sullen Mood
Did hide its Face, or 'twas not understood:
But fleering fate doth various Faces show,
And seasons change: and why mai'nt Mortals too?
To Fame or Infamy all men are born
And he's an Asse let's slip the lucky turn.
But who to power by Fate were ne're design'd,
And yet endued with ambitious Mind
Will Natures precept break, and Gods wont own
Will ransack Temples, pull the Alters down,
Slander the Subject, and abuse the Crown.
So to our Plague a Factious Party's come,
The infantry of old Rebellious *Rome*,
And 'cause the Whelps for Hells intrigues should bawl,
The Devil came and dub'd them *Tories* all;

A party in the dismal Book of doom
Was damn'd e're made for all their sins to come.
This numerous Progeny doth fill our *Thames*
As Frogs and Toads abound in *Nilus* streams,
And just like those the same effect they bring;
They Crawl from thence to Chambers of our *King*;
That was a single plague on *Egypts* men,
But this on us may vye with all their *Ten*:
This party first by close designs did rise,
By Plots, by Shams, and other forgeries,
'Til by immortal lies, immortal made
Sweetly sat down in Royal favours shade,
Where they their canting dirges sit and sing,
And every *Puny Tory* is a *King*.
Their *Plot* found out and dying 'gan to fail,
Oaths would not do, and shams would not prevail:
Now for a Cordial all begin to strive,
To fetch their dying *Plot* again to life:
Their former *Evidences* were dull tools,
And all their subtle *Jesuites* were but fools,
But next to the keen *Wits* they do address,
And they must Charm it up again in Verse.
The first they do Petition 's Mr. *Bays*,
So much extoll'd by Fools and vulgar Praise;
By lewd lascivious Verses, bawdy Rhymes,
Dubb'd the sweet singing Poet of the times;
He the black Paths of Sin had travell'd o're
And found out Vices all unknown before,
To sins once hid in shades of gloomy Night,
He gave new Lustre and reduc'd to Light.
His *Muse* was prostitute upon the Stage,
And 's *Wife* was Prostitute to all the age:
The Wife is Rich although the Husband Poor,
And he not honest, and she is a Whore,
An ill, deformed, senceless earthly load,
And he the Monster of the *Muses* road;
His shapeless Body hangs an hundred ways
The Poet looks just like a heap of Plays;

You ſhall not find through all the buzzing Town
So Ungentile, Unmannerly a Clown:
Though ugly, yet he vents a pleaſing ſtrain
For Nature never made a thing in vain.
If not for Prieſt, for Statef-man he may do;
Bleſs us! are Poets Polititians too?
Or are the *Muſes* mad and in their Heat
Send out their Poets Officers of State?
Or are the Lawyers Drunk and think it fit
That reaſon yeild to that lewd thing, *a Wit*?
But private factious Plotters never heed
If their deſigns go on, who do the deed:
So engine *Bays*, the *Tory Plot* to ſave
He firſt turns *Fool*, and then commences *Knave*:
But yet (methinks) I hear him e're he chuſe
In private parley with his Fuſtian *Muſe*,
Baſe *Muſe*! he ſays, with impudence can'ſt ſing?
In ſcorntul lines can'ſt thou revile a King?
With inky Clouds of lyes, can'ſt thou obſcure
An Hero's Glory infinitely pure?
Can'ſt thou call Politicians Fops and Fools?
Can'ſt ridicule the Arts of learned Schools?
Can'ſt dreſs up folly in a Garb ſo fit
That amongſt Madmen it may paſs for wit?
His *Muſe* accuſtom'd to ſuch tricks as theſe
Gave her conſent by holding of her Peace.
But he replied,———
Baſe abject ſlave to any of the Town
Who e're but Fops and Fools gave thee renown?
Can'ſt thou abuſe that youthful *Hero's* fame,
That wide as the vaſt World hath ſpread his name?
When he from *Maſtricht* warlike Trophies bore,
Vollies of Praiſes eccho'd on the Shoar;
Then every *Brave* his Offering did prepare
And Sacrifices to this God of War,
Then *Io Peans* by our Swains were ſung,
And Peals of Triumph through our Cities rung;

But now his honour's fullied and forgot
And all his Glory poyson'd with a Plot;
Here hold, ingrate, recal his love to thee,
When fleg'd with Guynies he did let thee fly,
Impt with his favour thou didst dare the brave
And every other Poet was thy Slave;
Think! with indulgent Grace 'tis he hath been
The only Patron of thy *Maximin*;
Where then thine accents lies or didst thou feign,
And only complement to draw in Coin;
So when to *Damn* was in her graces power,
She kindly smil'd on th' *Indian Emperor*,
Though dreſt in silly Fustion he did go
In ugglier Cloaths then e're at *Manico*;
So basely scratcht by thy corroding Pen,
The *Indians* would scarce know their Prince again,
Poor *Montezuma* in no hands secure
Creeps to her *Alcove* for a perfect cure,
There having Scan'd the sence of every line
She hug'd the nasty *Indian* 'cause 'twas thine
Then cheering up he ended the disputе;
Muses like Monarchs still are absolute;
Tempted by Gold, he lets his Satyr fly,
And swears that all within its Tallons dye;
He Huffs, and Struts, and Cocks an hundred ways
And damns the *Whiggs*' cause they did damn his Plays.
So raging once 'twas thought himself he'd stab'd
'Cause *Rochester* Baptis'd him *Poet Squab*.
And he had don't but that he'd vow'd before
After *Rose-alley* drubs he'd ne're use weapon more,
When Coin is spent he looths the baser Cit,
And lives on his old stock his mother wit;
Rubs up his rusty Muse and looks as big
As Crow in Gutter or ten penny Pig.
A Common-wealth he cryeth up to day,
To morrow Preacheth Arbitrary sway;
Lampoons the *Prince*, praises a *Tyrants* Laws
And giveth Lust and Zeal the same applause;

And

And in one Breath, so quick his fancies be
He can speak Treason, and fart Loyalty;
From such fleet wills kind Heaven deliver me!
Read but his *Plays* and what else e're he writ
You'l find but little Judgment and less Wit;
If he dull *Ravenscroft* by chance excel
Thanks to old *Nokes* that humours it so well.
Thanks to the Scenes and Musick for his Wit
Thanks to the Whores lie squeeking in the Pit,
That Bullies cannot hear, yet praise the Fact
And bravely Clap the *Actor* not the *Act*.
Shadwel and *Settle* are both Fools to *Bays*,
They have no bawdy Prologues to their Plays;
These silly Villains under a pretence
Of wit, deceive us and like men write sence.
Alas! says *Bays*, what are your Wits to me?
Chapman's a sad dul Rogue at *Comedy*,
Shirley's an Ass to write at such a rate
But I excel the whole *Triumvirate*:
In all my worthy Plays shew if you can
Such a rough Character as *Solyman*;
But though I have no Plot, and Verse be rough,
I say 'tis Wit, and that sure is enough.
The Lawrel makes a Wit; a Brave, the Sword;
And all are wise men at a Councel board;
S——le's a Coward, 'cause fool *Ur——y* fought him,
And *Mul——ve* is a Wit because I taught him.
So Hectors *Bays* 'til one would think 'twas fit
That none but Fools should write or judge of Wit;
His pigmie wit, and little infant sence
Rightly defin'd is nought but impudence;
His lines are weak, though of lewd Catches full
And naught is strong about him but his Scull
The brave defensive headpeice of a Fool.
Of all mean Hackney Jades, I'de never use
This Mercenary party coul'r'd Muse,
Who e're beholds her strait must needs confess
She's clad at once in Home and Forreign dress.

Read

Read *Dry----ns* plays, and read *Corneille's* too,
You'l swear the *Frenchman* speaks good *English* now,
'Mongst borrowed Sense some airy flashes drop,
To please the feeble Females and the Fop,
So soft and gentle flourishes do move,
The weak admiring Maid, and fire Love;
Quickens the dizzy Soul with Love beset,
And tamely draws it to the Golden Net,
Stupid it lies, and senceless of its pain,
And kindly kisses the bewitching Chain;
Cupid's the God; and Love is all the Song
The blest *Elysium* of the sportful young,
But eas'd of this so kind, so grateful pain,
And brought unto it's former sense again,
The glimmering Lamp in lustre once so bright,
Looks like the Torches of eternal night,
The amorous paths with sweets inchanted strown,
Looks like *Alcyna* when her paint was gone:
That wit upon the Stage cry'd up to day,
To morrow in the Closet's thrown away;
Wit, tho with glory it may chance to rise,
And mounting seem to kiss the very skies,
Yet if above the bounds of Sense it get,
It is all wind, and is no longer wit:
But *Bays* in all his wit is stanch and sound,
Tho in it all there's no proportion found;
But what he speaks or writes, or does amiss,
It is all wit; but why? because 'tis his;
'Tis wit in him, if he all Sense oppose,
'Twas wit in *D'avenant* too to lose his Nose,
If so, then *Bays* is *D'avenants* wisest Son,
After so many claps to keep his on.

But who but Fools would praise dull *Ot---ys* strains,
Compos'd with little wit and lesser pains;
Whose fiery face doth dart as hot a ray,
As the fierce warmer of a Summers day,
Whose very looks would drive the Fiends away.

He may ſo painted with the juice of Vines,
Turn his Invectives to the praiſe of Wines;
Love is a pitteous God, and Honour's grown,
To ſuch a height it is almoſt unknown;
Immortal beauty drown'd in quiet lies,
And ſpends all its charms on its owners Eyes;
But Wine do's now the Poets breaſt inſpire,
Wine, that doth kindle all our youthful fire
Wine; that makes O——y write and Fools admire,
His Verſe of Wine ſtinks worſe than bawdy Punk
For he never writes a Verſe but when he is drunk;
Sure thou waſt drunk; when in Pindarick ſtrain,
'Gainſt *Libels* didſt thy dull Muſe complain:
But why didſt term it *Satyr*? *Satyr* tart
And piercing Verſe, that wounds unto the heart;
But thou got dully drunk o'ea Pint Pot,
Forget's thy Subject like a drunken Sot,
And 'ſtead of *Satyr* didſt unto the praiſe
Of thoſe that beat the *Dutch* a Poem raiſe;
The drowzy, heavy *Hollander* as well
May chant his Poems, and his Fortunes tell,
Their Fleet as good, their men as ſtrong as ours,
The difference lyes but in the Governors,
Theirs only win by Guns, by Ships, by might,
Ours grew Politicians in the fight;
And with their tricks at Land did them perplex,
By building awful Sconces on their decks,
Environ'd round with ſturdy Cable ſtood,
Defying bullets ſtill maintain'd the fight;
Thy brains immur'd with a thick Scull as good,
As bravely doſt this braveſt act recite:
As *Caſtlemain* the Victory doth rehearſe
In falſeſt Proſe, thou doſt confirm in Verſe:
So when 'twas in Diſpute in loweſt ſhades,
(where the foyl'd Seaman in new Rivers wades)
Who juſtly ſhould the warlike Trophies bear,
Whether the *Engliſh* or the *Hollander*.

Some

Some Ships of ours did meerly out of ſpight
Dive down to prove it was our lawful right.
Kind hearted *Ot*——*y*, that does Garlands give
To beaten Seamen, while thy ſelf doſt greive
Languiſh and Pine and no man will allow
Nought; but a wreath of Hemp t'adorn thy brow
Ah! but with bawdy Plays and Prologues lewd
Thou haſt the art to pleaſe the multitude;
The claping table that on your third days
Come to extol and clap your ſilly Plays,
Worſe then a *Sodoms Farce* or *Smithfield Droll*,
Nothing ſo Beaſtly, Baudy, or ſo dull:
If *Ignoramus Juries* once be nam'd
(That thredbare Subject on the Stage ſo fam'd)
'Tis toſt about with Claps and praiſeful knocks
'Til't bound from Knaves in *Pit*, to Fools in *Box*.
Such ſtupid humours now the Gallants ſeize
Women and Boys may write and yet may pleaſe.
Poeteſs *Afra* though ſhe's damn'd to day
To morrow will put up another Play;
And *Ot*——*y* muſt be Pimp to ſet her off,
Leſt the enraged Bully ſcoul and ſcoff,
And hiſs, and laugh, and give not ſuch applauſe
To th'*City-hereſie* as the *good Old Cauſe*.
You're baulkt worſe there then at a City Feaſt
To part with ſtolen half-Crown for——no jeſt;
Sham treats you may have paid for o're and o're,
But who e're paid for a Sham-Play before?
Tories are juſt, and give the Devil his due,
Won't damn a Poets Play, becauſe 'tis new,
Becauſe it treats of Whiggs and tells fine ſtories
To pleaſe the monkey Courtiers little Tories
Tells how the Whiggs with might and force repair
To build damn'd ſtony Caſtles in the air
From whence the Court Hobgoblings they will fray
With Guns invented ſince full many a day;
How by their necromantick arts they raiſe
Fortyfied Cetadels in all by-ways,

Millions

Millions of Souldiers lodg in hives like Bees;
And many millions more in hollow trees,
Where for a fit occaſion they do wait
To break the pocky Courtiers maggot-pate;
The Poet by ſuch Tales gets coin for Writing
And makes the Coward *Tory* think of Fighting,
For fear of which he ſtoutly falls to ſh----
Tis well for you, ye Poets of the Stage?
You live in ſo nonſenſical an Age,
When every Pun is Term'd a lucky hit,
The happy product of a *Tories* Wit;
Baſe awkard Age! accurſt by Deſtiny
When wit does ceaſe and Piety do's dy,
Your Zeal is cold, your Frolicks all are mad,
Nay your Debauches ſottiſhly as bad:
The former age, that vices all purſu'd,
Conniv'd at Sins and wickedly ran lewd,
Tho drown'd in lewdneſs, and their Paſtimes had
As much of Luſt, they wittily were mad.
Did but *Ben. Johnſon* know how Follies riſe
Swell and look big, how Poets do deſpiſe
The lawful charms of wit, and ſpend their days
In bawdy Prologues and licentious Plays,
He'd bid adieu to th'*Elyſian* Field,
Gay with the ſplendour that the Muſes yield,
And to the dusky world again repair,
To ſuck the thicker blaſts of earthly air,
He'd leave his ſofter Rhymes, and would diſpenſe
A hoarſer ſound, he'd *Satiriſt* commence
And try to laſh the Ideots into Sence.
Such Vices now amongſt the Poets Reign,
The very Fops do of their Faults complain:
Dead *POETS* Aſhes in their Tombs do grieve,
And to rebuke their crimes do ſeem to live.
Spencers old bones about do toſs and turn
With Indignation kicks his ruſty Urn.
When by great *Cowly*'s Tomb the Ladies walk
And of the modern Poeſie do talk,

His ſtately Urn doth bow its drooping Head,
And modeſt bluſhes ore the Marble ſpread,
As if aſham'd of his Poſterity,
A baſe, degenerate, ſottiſh Progeny.

D---*fey* comes next in Verſe ten thouſand ſtrong,
A Devilliſh *Poet* for a bawdy Song;
Begot when lecherous Planets rul'd the skies,
And Madam *Venus* bright did tyranize:
When Civil Wars produc'd a monſtrous Birth,
And diſmal Diſcord triumph'd ore the Earth;
For pray, what vice atchiev'd by *Cains* curſt Stem,
Or deadly Sin, that is not found in him;
As Toad's ſpue poyſon he doth Libels vent,
Of Villany the very Excrement;
A brave Court mixture; for he is at once,
A *Debauchee*, *Buffoon*, a *Knave*, a *Dunce*,
Here hold my Muſe! the Task's too hard for thee,
To bow ſo low, even below Infamy:
Thou never yet to write with dirt hadſt skill,
Or from a Dunghill tookſt a ſtinking quill;
Of three baſe ſilly *Poets* thou haſt ſung,
A minute on their borders is too long,
Retire unto thy pleaſant former lays,
While theſe like peeviſh aſps keep on their ways;
And briskly bear unto th' *Elyſian* Shades,
One Ounce of Brains in three great Loggerheads.
Deſiſt I ſay! while ſome old Bard relate,
Their baſer facts, and of their actions prate.
Let *Fop* the *Courtier*, *Negros* paint the *Moor*,
The *Fool*, the *Fidler*, and the *Bawd*, the *Whore*.
Like Vice-Reformers weary of the pain,
Of Laſhing ſtill and yet they laſh in vain,
My Muſe the Court will leave, contemn the Stage,
A long Farewell to ſo prophane an Age:
Debaucht to Luſt, to Avarice and Pride,
Who'de be condemn'd to Court or City Pews,
Be damn'd to nonſence and the ſtink of Stews;

To wait for Penſions who would take delight,
And be at laſt but a ſham'd Favourite,
Who'de purchaſe Favour by perfidious Oaths,
Or pawn his Conſcience for to buy him cloaths,
And when at brighteſt ſhine but like the light
Of *Ignis fatuus* in a miſty night,
Caught with the Glory of the ſpangl'd skies,
Starts up from earth and in a moment dies.
When oh immortal woods! Shall I be made
The Joyous Tenant of your happy ſhade,
Where Envy and Ambition are kept down,
And harmleſs Innocence doth wear the Crown;
Where heads of ſturdy Oakes do courtly bow,
And ſtooping Pines do make their Honours too;
Where gladſom Poets with the Muſes ſing,
While all the beauteous Nymphs daunce in a ring;
Where all alike enjoy the Rural ſport,
Free from thoſe painted Cares, that do attend a Court.

FINIS.